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THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
CHABOT
ADMIRALL OF
FRANCE.

As it vvas presented by her
Majesties Servants, at the private
House in Drury Lane.

first edition ~

Written by { George Chapman,
and
James Shirley.

LONDON,
Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke,
and William Cooke.

1639.



Speakers.

A Sall.
Allegre.
King.

1419. 681

May. 1872

Queene.
Treasuror.
Chancellor.
Admirall.

Father.

Generall.

Chabot.

Iudges.

Officers.

Secretary.

Wshers.

Constable.

Courtiers.

Porter.

Guard.





THE
TRAGEDIE
OF
PHILIP CHABOT,
ADMIRALL OF FRANCE.

Actus Primus.

Enter Asall, and Allegre.

Asall.

NOW Phillip Chabot, Admirall of France,
The great, and onely famous Favorite
To France first of that Imperiall name,
Hath found a fresh competitor in glory,
(Duke Montmorancie, Constable of France)

Who drinckes as deepe as he of the streame Royall,
And may in little time convert the strength
To raise his spring, and blow the others fall.

Al. The world would wish it so, that will not patiently
Endure the due rise of a vertuous man.

As. If he be vertuous, what is the reason
That men affect him not, why is he lost

Toth' generall opinion, and become
Rather their hate than love ?

Al. I wonder you
Will question it, aske a ground or reason
Of men bred in this vile degenerate age ;
The most men are not good, and it agrees not
With impious natures to allow whats honest,
Tis an offence enough to be exalted
To regall favours, great men are not safe
In their owne vice, where good men by the hand
Of Kings are planted to survey their workings ;
What man was ever fixt 'ith Sphere of honour,
And precious to his Sovereigne, whose actions,
Nay very soule was not expos'd to every
Common and base dissection ? and not onely
That which in Nature hath excuse, and in
Themselves is priviledg'd by name of frailtie,
But even Vertues are made crimes, and doom'd
Toth' fate of Treason.

As. A bad age the while,
I aske your pardon Sir, but thinkes your judgēment,
His love to Justice, and Corruptions hate
Are true and hearty ?

Al. Iudge your selfe by this
One argument, his hearty truth to all,
For in the heart hath anger his wisest seate,
And gainst unjust suites such brave anger fires him,
That when they seeke to passe his place and power,
Though mov'd, and urg'd by the other minion,
Or by his greatest friends, and even the King
Leade them to his allowance with his hand,
First given in Bill, assign'd, even then his spirit,
(In nature calme as any Summers evening)
Puts up his Whole powers like a Winters sea,
His bloud boyles over, and his heart even cracks.
At the injustice, and he teares the Bill,
And would doe, were he fort to be torne in peeces.

As. Tis brave I swear.

Al. Nay it is worthy your wonder
That I must tell you further, theres no Nēdle
In a Sunne Diall plac'd upon his Steele
In such a tender posture, that doth tremble
The timely Diall being held amisse,
And will shake ever, till you hold it right
More tender than himsefe in any thing
That hē concludes in Iustice for the State:
For as a fever held him, hee will shake
When hē is signing any things of weight,
Least humane frailty should misguide his justice.

As. You have declar'd him a most noble Iusticer.

Al. He truely weiges and feeles Sir, what a charge
The subjects livings are (being even their lives
Laid on the hand of power,) which abus'd
Though scene, blood flow not from the justice seate,
Tis in true sence as grievous, and horrid.

As. It argues nothing lesse, but since your Lord
Is diversly reported for his parts,
Whats your true censure of his generall worth,
Vertue and Iudgement.

Al. As of a Picture wrought to opticke reason,
That to all passers by, seemes as they move
Now woman, now a Monster, now a Divell,
And till you stand, and in a right line view it,
You cannot well judge what the maine forme is,
So men that view him but in vulgar passes
Casting but laterall, or partiall glances,
At what he is, suppose him weake, unjust,
Bloody, and monstrous, but stand free and fast,
And judge him by no more than what you know
Ingenuously, and by the right-laid line
Of truth, he truely, will all stiles deserve
Of wise, just, good, a man both soule and nērvē.

As. Sir, I must joyne in just beleefe with you,
But whats his rivall the Lord high Constable?

Al. As just, and well inclin'd when hee's himsefe,
(Not wrought on with the counsells, and opinions

The Admirall of France.

O fother men) and the maine difference is,
The Admirall is not flexible nor wonne
To move one scruple, when he comprehends
The honest tract and justnesse of a cause,
The Constable explores not so sincerely
The course hee runnes, but takes the minde of others
(By name Iudiciall) for what his owne
Iudgement, and knowledge should conclude.

As. A fault

In my apprehension, anothers knowledge
Applied to my instruction, cannot equall
My owne soules knowledge, how to informē Acts;
The Sunnes rich radiance shot through waves most faire,
Is but a shaddow to his beames ith' ayre,
His beames that in the ayre we so admire,
Is but a darkenesse to his flame in fire,
In fire his fervour but as vapour flies
To what his owne pure bosome rarifies:
And the Almighty wisdom, having given
Each man within himselfe an apter light
To guide his acts, than any light without him
(Creating nothing not in all things equall)
It seemes a fault in any that depend.
On others knowledge, and exile their owne.

Al. Tis nobly argued, and exemplified,
But now I heare my Lord, and his young rivall
Are to be reconcil'd, and then one light
May serve to guide them both.

As. I wish it may, the King being made first mover
To forme their reconcilement, and enflame it
With all the sweetnesse of his praite and honour.

Al. See, tis dispatch'd I hope, the King doth grace it.
*Loud Musicke, and Enter Vsers before, the Secretary,
Tresuror, Chancellor, Admirall, Constable hand in
hand, the King following, others attend.*

Kin. This doth expresse the noblest fruit of peace.

Cha. Which when the great begin, the humble end
In joyfull imitation, all combining

The Admirall of France.

A gardian beyond the *7* hrigian knot
Past wit to lose it, or the sword, be still so.

Tre. Tis certaine Sir, by concord least things grow
Most great, and flourishing like trees that wrap
Their forehead in the skies, may these doe so.

Kin. You heare my Lord, all that is spoke contends
To celebrate with pious vore the attonement
So lately, and so nobly made betweene you.

Ad. Which for it selfe Sir, resolve to keepe
Pure, and inviolable, needing none
To encourage or confirme it, but my owne
Love and allegiance to your sacred counsell.

Kin. Tis good, and pleases, like my dearest health,
Stand you firme on that sweete simplicitie.

Con. Past all earth pollicie that would infringe it.

Kin. Tis well, and answers all the doubts suspected.

Enter one that whispers with the Admirall.

And what moves this close message *Phillip*?

Adm. My wives Father Sir, is closely come to Court.

King. Is he come to the Court, whose averstation
So much affects him, that he shunnes and flies it,
What's the strange reason that he will not rise
Above the middle region he was borne in?

Adm. He saith Sir, tis because the extreame of height
Makes a man lesse seeme to the imperfect eye
Then he is truely, his acts envied more,
And though he nothing cares for seeming, so
His being just stand firme twixt heaven and him,
Yet since in his soules jealousy, hee feares
That he himselfe advanced, would undervalue
Men placed beneath him, and their businesse with him,
Since height of place oft dazles height of judgement,
He takes his toppe-faile downe in such rough stormes,
And apt his sailes to ayres more temperate.

Kin. A most wise soule he has, how long shall Kings
Raife men that are not wise till they be high?
You haue our leave, but tell him *Phillip* wee
Would have him neerer.

The French Admirall.

Con. Your desirēs attend you.

Enter another.

Kin. We know from whence you come, say to the *Queenē*;
We were coming to her, tis a day of love
And the scales all perfection. *Exit*

Tre. My Lord,
We must beseech your stay.

Con. My stay?

Cha. Our Counsellors

Haveled you thus farre to your reconcilment,
And must remember you, to observe the end
At which in plaine I told you then wee aim'd at;
You know we all urg'd the attonement, rather
To enforce the broader difference bet weene you,
Then to conclude your friendshippe, which wise men
Know to be fashionable, and priviledg'd pollicie,
And will succcede betwixt you, and the Admirall
As sure as fate, if you please to get sign'd
A sute now to the King with all our hands,
Which will so much increase his precise justice,
That weighing not circumstances of politicke State,
He will instantly oppose it, and complaine,
And urge in passion, what the King will sooner
Punish than yeeld too, and so render you
In the Kings frowne on him, the onely darling;
And mediate power of *France*.

Con. My good Lord Chancellor,
Shall I so late atton'd, and by the Kings
Hearty and earnest motion, fall in peeces?

Cha. Tis he, not you that breake.

Tre. Ha not you patience
To let him burne himselfe in the Kings flame?

Cha. Come, be not Sir infected with a spice
Of that too servile equitie, that renders
Men free borne slaves, and rid with bits like horses,
When you must know my Lord, that even in nature
A man is *Animall politicum*,
So that when he informes his actions simply

The Admirall of France.

He does in both 'gainst pollicie and nature,
And therefore our soule motion is affirm'd
To be like heavenly natures circular,
And circles being call'd ambitious lines,
We must like them become ambitious ever,
And endles in our circumventions;
No tough hides limiting our cheverill mindes.

Tre. Tis learnedly, and past all answer argued,
Yare great, and must grow greater still, and greater,
And not be like a dull and standing lake,
That settles, putrifies, and chokes with mudde,
But like a river gushing from the head,
That windes through the undervailles, what checkes ore flow-
Gets strength still of his course, (ing
Till with the Ocean meeting, even with him
In sway, and tittle, his brave billowes move.

Con. You speake a rare affection, and high soulēs,
But give me leave great Lords, still my just thanks
Remembred to your counsellis and direction,
I seeking this way to confirme my selfe
I undermine the columnes that support
My hopefull glorious fortune, and at once
Provoke the tempest, though did drowne my envie,
With what assurance shall the King expect
My faith to him, that breake it for another,
He has engag'd our peace, and my revenge
Forfits my trust with him, whose narrow sight
Will penetrate through all our mists, could we
Vaile our designe with clouds blacker than night;
But grant this danger over, with what Iustice,
Or satisfaction to the inward Iudge,
Shall I be gultie of this good mans ruine,
Though I may still the murmuring tongues without me,
Loud conscience has a voyce to shadder greatnesse.

Secr. A name to fright, and terrifie young statists,
There is necessitie my Lord, that you
Must lose your light, if you ecclipse not him,
Two starres so Lucide cannot shine at once

The Admirall of France.

In such a firmament, and better you
Extinguish his fires, then be made his fuell,
And in your ashes give his flame a Trophy.

Cha. My Lord, the league that you have vow'd of friend-
In a true understanding not confines you, (ship,
But makes you boundlesse, turne not edge at such
A liberty, but looke to your owne fortune ;
Secure your honour, a Precisian,
In state, is a ridiculous miracle
Friendship is but a visor, beneath which
A wise man laughes to see whole families
Ruinde, upon whose miserable pile
He mounts to glory, Sir you must resolve
To use any advantage.

Con. Misery.
Of rising Statesmen I must on, I see
That 'gainst the politicke, and priviledg'd fashion;
All justice tastes but affectation.

Cha. Why so? we shall do good on him ith' end. *Exit.*
Enter Father and the Admirall.

Adm. You are most welcome.

Fa. I wish your Lordships safetie,
Which whilst I pray for, I must not forget
To urge agen the wayes to fixe you where
No danger has accesse to threaten you.

Adm. Still your old argument, I owe your love fort.

Fa. But fortified with new and pregnant reasons,
That you should leave the Court.

Ad. I dare not Sir.

Fa. You dare be undone then.

Ad. I should be ingratefull
To such a master, as no subject boasted
To leave his service when they exact
My chiefest dutie, and attendance Sir.

Fa. Would thou wert lesse degraded from thy titles,
And swelling offices, that will ith' end
Engulfe thee past a rescue, I had not come
So farre to trouble you at this time, but that
I doe not like the loud tongues o'the world,

Thag

The Admirall of France.

That say the King has tanē another favorite,
The Constable a gay man, and a great,
With a hugh raine of faction too, the *Quēenē*,
Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretary, and
An army of state warriors, whose disciplinē
Is sure, and subtile to confusion,
I hope the rumour's false, thou art so calme.

Adm. Report has not abus'd you Sir.

Fa. It has not,
And you are pleas'd, then you doē meane to mixē
With unjust courses, the great Constable
And you combining, that no suite may passe
One of the graples of your eithers rape,
I that abhorr'd, must I now entertaine
A thought, that your so straight, and simple custome
To render Iustice, and the common good,
Should now be patch'd with pollicy, and wrested
From the ingenious step you tooke,
And hang
Vpon the shoulders of your enemy
To beare you out in what you shame to act!

Adm. Sir, We both are reconciled.

Fa. It followes then that both the acts must beare
Like reconcilement, and if hee will now
Maligne and mallice you for crossing him
Or any of his faction in their suites,
Being now atton'd, you must be one in all,
One in corruption, and twixt you two millstones
New pickt, and put together, must the graine
Of good mens needfull meanes to live, be ground
Into your choking superfluties;
You both too rich, they ruinde.

Adm. I conceive Sir

Wee both may be enrich'd, and raise our fortunes
Even with our places in our Sovereignes favour:
Though past the height of others, yet within
The rules of Law and Iustice, and approve
Our actions white and innocent.

The Admirall of France.

Fa. I doubt it
While inforc'd shew perhaps, which will I feare
Prove in true substance but a Millers whitenesse,
More sticking in your clothes then conscience.

Adm. Your censure herein tafts some passion Sir,
And I beseech you nourish better thoughts,
Then to imagine that the Kings meere grace
Sustaines such prejudice by those it honours;
That of necessitie we must pervert it
With passionate enemies, and ambitious boundlesse
Avarice, and every licence incident
To fortunate greatnesse, and that all abuse it
For the most impious avarice of some.

Fa. As if the totall summe of favorites frailties
Affected not the full rule of their Kings
In their owne partially disposed ambitions,
And that Kings doe no hazard infinitely
In their free realties of rights and honours,
Where they leave much for favourites powers to order.

Adm. But wee have such a master of our King
In the Imperiall art, that no power flies
Out of his favour, but his policie ties
A criance to it, to containe it still;
And for the reconcilement of us Sir,
Never were two in favour, that were more,
One in all love of Iustice, and true honour.
Though in the act and prosecution
Perhaps we differ. Howsoever yet
One beame us both creating, what should let
That both our soules should both one mettle beare,
And that one stampe, one word, one character.

Fa. I could almost be won to be a Courtier,
Theres some thing more in's composition,
Then ever yet was favourites.

Enter a Courtier.

Whats hee?

Cour. I bring your Lordship a sign'd bill, to have
The addition of your honor'd hand, the counsell

Have

The Admirall of France.

Have all before subscribed, and full prepar'd it.

Ad. It seemes then they have weigh'd the importance of it,
And know the grant is just.

Cour. No doubt my Lord,
Or else they take therein the Constables word,
It being his suite, and his power having wrought
The King already to appose his hand.

Adm. I doe not like his working of the King,
For if it be a suite made knowne to him,
And fit to passe, he wrought himselfe to it,
However my hand goes to no such grant,
But first I'll know and censure it my selfe.

Cour. A he, if thou beest goddessse of contention
That *Love* tooke by the haire, and hurl'd from heaven.
Assume in earth thy empire, and this bill
Thy firebrand make to turne his love, thus tempted
Into a hate, as horrid as thy furies.

Adm. Does this beare title of his Lordships suite?

Cour. It does my Lord, and therefore he beseech'd
The rather your dispatch.

Adm. No thought the rather,
But now the rather all powers against it,
The suite being most unjust, and he pretending
In all his actions justice, on the sudden
After his so late vow not to violate it,
Is strange and vile, and if the King himselfe
Should owne and urge it, I would stay and crosse it,
For tis within the free power of my office,
And I should straine his kingdome if I past it,
I see their poore attempts, and giddy malice;
Is this the réconcilement that so lately
He vow'd in sacred witnesse of the King?
Assuring me, he never more would offer
To passe a suite unjust, which I well know
This is, above all, and have often beene urg'd
To give it passage, be you Sir the Judge.

Fa. I wonot meddle
With any thing of state, you knew long since.

The Admirall of France.

Adm. Yet you may heare it Sir.

Fa. You wonot urge
My opinion then, go to.

Adm. An honest merchant
Presuming on our league of *France* with *Spaine*,
Brought into *Spaine* a wealthy ship, to vent
Her fit commodities to serve the country,
Which, in the place of suffering their saile
Were seas'd to recompence a *Spanish* ship
Priz'd by a *French* man, ere the league was made,
No suites, no letters of our Kings could gaine
Our merchants first right in it, but his letters
Vnreverently received, the Kings selfe scandall,
Beside the leagues breach, and the soule injustice
Done to our honest merchant, who endured all,
Till some small time since (authoris'd by our counsell,
Though not in open Court) he made a ship out,
And tooke a *Spaniard*, brings all home, and sues
To gaine his full prov'd losse, full recompence
Of his just prize, his prize is staid and ceaz'd,
Yet for the Kings disposure, and the *Spaniard*
Makes suite to be restor'd her, which this bill
Would faine get granted, faining (as they hop'd)
With my allowance, and way given to make
Our Countrey mans in *Spaine* their absolute prize.

Fa. Twere absolute injustice.

Adm. Should I passe it.

Fa. Passe life, and state before.

Adm. If this would seeme

His Lordships suite, his love to me, and justice
Including plots upon me, while my simplenesse
Is seriously vow'd to reconcilement ;
Love him good vulgars, and abhorre me still,
For if I court your flatterie with my crimes,
Heavens love before me fly, till in my tombe
I sticke pursuing it, and for this bill,

Thus say twas shiver'd, blesse us equall heaven!

Fa. This could I cherish, now above his losse,

Exit.

You

You may report as much, the bill discharg'd Sir.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter King and Queen, Secretary with the Torne bill.

Kin. I Sit ene so.

Que. Good heaven how tame you are?
Doe Kings of *France* reward foule Traitors thus?

Kin. No Traitor, y'are too loude, *Chabots* no Traitor,
He has the passions of a man about him,
And multiplicitie of cares may make
Wise men forget themselves, come be you patient.

Qu. Can you be so, and see your selfe thus torne.

Kin. Our selfe.

Qu. There is some left, if you dare owne;
Your royall character, is not this your name?

Kin. Tis *Francis* I confesse.

Qu. Be but a name

If this staine live upon't, affronted, by
Your subject, shall the sacred name of King,
A word to make your nation bow and tremble;
Be thus profain'd, are lawes establish'd
To punish the defacers of your image,
But dully set by the rude hand of others
Vpon your coine, and shall the character
That doth include the blessing of all *France*,
Your name, thus written by your royall hand
Design'd for Justice, and your Kingdomes honour,
Not call up equall anger to reward it?
Your Counsellors of state contemn'd, and slighted
As in this braine more circumscrib'd all wisdome,
And pollicy of Empire, and your power,
Subordinate and subject to his passion.

Kin. Come, it concernes you not.

Qu. Is this the consequence
Of an attonement made so lately betweene

The French Admirall,

The hopefull *Mountmorencie*, and his Lordship
Urge by your selfe with such a precious sanction;
Come, he that dares doe this, wants not a heart,
But opportunitie.

Kin. To doe what?

Qu. To teare your crownē off.

Kin. Come your language doth taste more
Of rage and womanish flame than solid reason
Against the Admirall, what commands of yours
Not to your expectation, obey'd
By him, is ground of your so keene displeasure?

Qu. Commands of mine? he is too great, and powerfull
To stoope to my employment, *a Colossus*,
And can stride from one Province to another
By the assistance of those offices
You have most confidently impos'd upon him,
Tis he, not you take up the peoples eyes
And admiration, while his Princely wife.

Kin. Nay then I reach the spring of your distaste,
He has a wife, —

Enter Chancellor, Treasurer, and whisper with the King.

Qu. Whom for her pride I love not,
And I but in her husbands ruine
Can triumph ore her greatnesse.

King. Well, well, Ile thinke on't? *Exit.*

Cha. He beginnes to incline,
Madam you are the soule of our great worke.

Qu. Ile follow, and imploy my powers upon him.

Tre. We are confident you will prevaile at last,
And for the pious worke oblige the King to you.

Cha. And us your humblest creatures.

Que. Presse no further.

Exit. Que.

Cha. Lets seeke out my Lord Constable.

Tre. And inflame him.

Cha. To expostulate with *Chabot*, something may
Arise from thence, to pull more weight upon him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Father and Allegre.

Fa. How sorts the businesse? how tooke the King

The

The Admirall of France.

The tearing of his bill?

Al. Exceeding well,
And seem'd to smile at all their grimme complaints,
Gainst all that outrage to his highnesse hand,
And said in plaine, he sign'd it but to try
My Lords firme Iustice

Fa. What a sweete King tis?

Al. But how his rivall the Lord Constablē
Is labour'd by the Chancellor, and others to retore
His wrong with ten parts more upon my Lord,
Is monstrous?

Fa. Neede hēe their spurres?

Al. I Sir, for hees afraid
To beare himselfe too boldly in his bravēs
Vpon the King (being newly entred Mynion)
Since tis but patience sometime they thinke ;
Because the favor spending in two streames,
One must runne low at length, till when he dare
Take fire in such flame, as his faction wishes,
But with wise feare containes himselfe, and so
Like a greene faggot in his kindling smoakēs,
And where the Chancellor his chiefe Cyclops findes
The fire within him apt to take, he blowes,
And then the faggot flames, as never more
The bellowes needed, till the too soft greenenesse
Of his state habit, shewes his sappe still flowes,
Above the solid timber, with which, then
His blaze shrinkes head, he cooles, and smoakēs agē.

Fa. Good man he would be, wod the bad not spoile him.

Al. True sir, but they still ply him with their arts,
And as I heard have wrought him, personally
To question my Lord with all the bitternesse
The galls of all their faction can powre in,
And such an expectation hangs upon't,
Though all the Court as twere with child, and long'd
To make a mirror of my Lords cleare blood,
And therein see the full ebbe of his flood,
And therefore if you please to counsell him

The Admirall of France.

You shall performe a fathers part.

Fa. Nay since

Hees gone so farre, I woud not have him feare
But dare e'm, and yet ile not meddle int.

Enter Admirall.

Hees here, if he have wit to like his cause,
His spirit wonot be asham'd to die int.

Exit.

Al. My Lord retire, y'are way-laid in your walkes,
Your friendes are all fallen from you, all your servants
Suborn'd by all advantage to report
Each word you whisper out, and to serve you
With hat and knee, while other have their hearts:

Adm. Much profit may my foes make of such servants;
I love no enemy I have so well,
To take to ill a bargaine from his hands.

Al. Their other oddes yet shun, all being combinde,
And lodg'd in ambush ariv'd to doe you mischief
By any meanes past feare of law, or soveraigne.

Adm. I walke no desert, yet goe arm'd with that,
That would give wildest beasts instincts to rescue,
Rather then offer any force to hurt me;
My innocence is, which is a conquering justice,
As weares a shield, that both defends and fights.

Al. One against all the world.

Adm. The more the oddes,
The lesse the conquest, or if all the world
Be thought an army fit to employ gainst one.
That one is argued fit to fight gainst all;
If I fall under them, this breast shall beare
Their heape digested in my sepulchre,
Death is the life of good men, let e'm come.

Enter Constable, Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretary.

Con. I thought my Lord our reconcilement perfect,
You have exprest what sea of gall flow'd in you,
In tearing of the bill I sent to allow.

Adm. Dare you confesse the sending of that bill?

Con. Dare, why not?

Adm. Because it breake your oath

The Admirall of France.

Made in our reconcilment, and betrayes
The honour, and the chiefe life of the King
Which is his iustice.

Con. Betraies?

Adm. No lesse, and that Ile prove to him.

Omnes You cannot.

Trea. I would not wish you offer at an action
So most impossibly, and much against
The judgement, and favour of the King.

Adm. His judgement nor his favour I respect,
So I preserve his Iustice.

Cha. Tis not Iustice,
Which Ile prove by law, and absolute learning.

Adm. All your great law, and learning are but words,
When I plead plainly, naked truth, and deedes,
Which though you seeke to fray with state, and glory,
I'll shoote a shaft at all your globe of light,
If lightning split it, yet twas high and right.

Exit.

Con. Brave resolution so his acts be just,
He cares for gaine not honour.

Chan. How came he then
By all his infinite honour and his gaine?

Tre. Well said my Lord.

Sec. Answer but onely that.

Con. By doing iustice still in all his actions.

Sec. But if this action prove unjust, will you
Say all his other may be so as well,
And thinke your owne course fitter farrē than his?

Con, I will ———

Exit.

Cha. He cooles, wē must not leave him, we have no
Such engine to remove the Admirall.

Exeunt.

Enter King and the Admirall.

Kin. I prethee *Philip* be not so severe
To him I favour, tis an argument
That may serve one day to availe your selfe,
Nor Does it square with your so gentle naturē,
To give such fires of envie to your blood;
For howsoever out of love to Iustice,

The Admirall of France.

Your Iealouſie of that doth ſo incenſe you,
Yet they that cenſure it will ſay tis enuy.

Adm. I ſerve not you for them, but for your ſelfe,
And that good in your Rule, that Juſtice does you,
And care not this what others ſay, ſo you
Pleaſe but to doe me right for what you know.

King. You will not doe your ſelfe right, why ſhould I
Exceede you to your ſelfe?

Adm. My ſelfe am nothing
Compar'd to what I ſeeke, tis juſtice onely
The fount and flood, both of your ſtrength and kingdomes.

King. But who knowes not, that extreame juſtice is
(by all ruld lawes) the extreame of injurie,
And muſt to you be ſo, the perſons that
Your paſſionate heate calls into queſtion
Are great, and many, and may wrong in you
Your rights of kinde, and dignities of fortune,
And I advanc'd you not to heape on you
Honours, and fortunes, that by ſtrong hand now
Held up, and over you, when heaven takes off
That powerfull hand ſhould thunder on your head,
And after you cruſh your ſurviving feedes.

Adm. Sir, your regards to both are great, and ſacred,
But if the innocence, and right that rais'd me
And meanes for mine, can finde no friend hereafter
Of him that ever lives, and ever ſeconds
All Kings juſt bounties with defence, and refuge
In juſt mens races, let my fabricke ruine,
My ſtocke want ſap, my branches by the roote
Be torne to death, and ſwept with whirlewindes out.

King. For my love no relenting.

Adm. No my leige,
Tis for your love, and right that I ſtand out.

King. Be better yet advis'd.

Adm. I cannot ſir
Should any Oracle become my counſell,
For that I ſtand not out, thus of ſet will,
Or pride of any ſingular conceite,

The Admirall of France.

My enemies, and the world may clearely know,
I taste no sweetes to drowne in others gall,
And to affect in that which makes me lothed,
To leave my selfe and mine expos'd to all
The dangers you propos'd, my purchas'd honours,
And all my fortunes in an instant lost,
That money, cares, and paines, and yeares have gather'd,
How mad were I to rave thus in my wounds,
Vnlesse my knowne health felt in these forc'd issues
Were sound, and fit, and that I did not know.
By most true proofes, that to become sincere
With all mens hates, doth farre excēde their loves,
To be as they are, mixtures of corruption?
And that those envies that I see pursue me
Of all true actions are the naturall consequents
Which being my object, and my resolute choise
Not for my good but yours, I will have justice.

King. You will have justice, is your will so strong
Now against mine? your power being so weake
Before my favour gave them both their forces
Of all that ever shar'd in my free graces,
You *Philip Chabot* a meane Gentleman
Have not I rais'd you to a supremest Lord,
And given you greater dignities than any?

Adm. You have so.

King. Well sed, and to spurre your dullnesse
With the particulars to which I rais'd you,
Have not I made you first a Knight of the Orders
Then Admirall of *France*, then *Count Byzanges*,
Lord, and Livenenant generall of all
My country, and command of *Burgady*;
Livenenant generall likewise of my sonne
Daulphine, and heire, and of all *Normandy*,
And of my chiefly honor'd privy Counsell,
And cannot all these powers weigh downe your will?

Adm. No Sir, they were not given me to that end,
But to uphold my will, my will being just.

King. And who shall judge that Justice, you or I?

The Admirall of France.

Adm. I Sir, in this case your royall thoughts are fitly
Exempt from every curious search of one,
You have the generall charge with care of all.

Kin. And doe not generalls include particulars?
May not I Iudge of any thing compriz'd
In your particular as well as you?

Adm. Farre be the misery from you, that you may,
My cares, paines, broken sleepe therein made more
Than yours should make me see more, and my forces
Render of better judgement.

King. Well Sir, grant
Your force in this my odds in benefits
Paid for your paines, put in the other scale,
And any equall holder of the ballance
Will shew my merits hoist up yours to aire
In rule of any doubt or deed betwixt us.

Adm. You merit not of me for benefits
More than my selfe of you for services.

King. Ist possible.

Adm. Tis true.

King. Stand you on that?

Adm. I to the death. and will approve to all men.

Kin. I am deceiv'd, but I shall finde good Judges
That will finde difference.

Adm. Finde them being good.

King. Still so? what if conferring
My bounties, and your services to sound them,
We fall foule on some licences of yours,
Nay, give me therein some advantage of you.

Adm. They cannot.

King. Not in sisting their severe discharges
Of all your offices?

Adm. The more you sist
The more you shall refine mee.

King. What if I
Grant out against you a commission
Ioyn'd with an extraordinary proceffe
To arrest, and put you in lawes hands for triall.

Adm.

The Admirall of France.

Adm. Not with lawes uttermost.

King. Ile throw the dice.

Adm. And Ile endure the chance,
The dice being square.

Adm. Repos'd in dreadlesse confidence, and conscience,
That all your most extreames shall never reach,
Or to my life, my goodes or honours breach.

King. Was ever heard so fine a confidence?
Must it not prove presumption, and can that
Scape brackes and errors in your search of law,
I prethee weigh yet, with more soule than danger,
And some lesse passion.

Adm. Witnesse heaven, I cannot.
Were I dissolv'd, and nothing else but soule.

King. Be shrew my blood, but his resolves amaze me;
Was ever such a Iustice in a subject,
Of so much office left to his owne swinge
That left to law thus, and his Soveraignes wrath,
Could stand cleare spight of both? let reason rule it
Before it come at law, a man so rare
In one thing cannot in the rest be vulgar,
And who sees you not in the broad high-way
The common dust up in your owne eyes, beating
In quest of riches, honours, offices,
As heartily in shew as most beleeve,
And he that can use actions with the vulgar,
Must needes embrace the same effects, & cannot informe him;
Whatsoever he pretends, use them with such
Free equitie, as fits one just and reall,
Even in the eyes of men, nor stand at all parts
So truly circular, so sound, and solid,
But have his swellings out, his crackes and crannies,
And therefore in this reason, before law
Take you to her, least you affect and flatter
Your selfe with mad opinions.

Adm. I were mad
Directly Sir, if I were yet to know
Not the sure danger, but the certaine ruine

The Admirall of France.

Of men shot into law from Kings bent brow,
There being no dreame from the most muddie braine
Vpon the foulest fancie, that can forge
More horroure in the shaddowes of meere fame,
Then can some Lawyer in a man expos'd
To his interpretation by the King,
But these grave toyes I shall despise in death,
And while I live will lay them open so
(My innocence laid by them) that like foiles
They shall sticke of my merits tenne times more,
And make your bounties nothing, for who gives
And hits ith teeth, himselfe payes with the glory
For which he gave, as being his end of giving,
Not to crowne merits, or doe any good,
And so no thanks is due but to his glory.

King. Tis brave I swëare.

Adm. No Sir, tis plaine, and rude
But true, and spotlesse, and where you object
My hearty, and grosse vulgar love of riches,
Titles, and honours, I did never seeke them
For any love to them, but to that justice
You ought to use in their due gift to merits,
To shew you royall, and most open handed,
Not using for hands talons, pincers, grapples;
In whose gripes, and upon whose gord point,
Deserts hang sprawling out their vertuous limbs,

King. Better and better.

Adm. This your glory is
My deserts wrought upon no wretch'd matter,
But shew'd your royall palmes as free, and, moist,
As *Ida*, all enchaist with silver springs,
And yet my merit still their equall sings.

King. Sing till thou sigh thy soule out hence, and leave us.

Adm. My person shall, my love and faith shall never.

King. Perish thy love, and faith, and thee for ever;
Whose there?

Enter Asall.

Let one goe for the Chancellor.

The Admirall of France.

Afa. He's here in Court Sir.

King. Hasten and send him hither,
This is an insolence I never met with,
Can one so high as his degrees ascend,
Climbe all so free, and without staine?

My Lord *Enter Chancellor.*

Chancellor, I send for you about a service
Of equall price to me, as if againe.

My ransom came to me from *Pavian* thraldome,
And more, as if from forth a subjects fetters,
The worst of servitudes my life were rescued.

Cha. You fright me with a Prologue of much trouble.

King. Me thinkes it might be, tell me out of all
Your famous learning, was there ever subject
Rais'd by his Soveraignes free hand from the dust,
Up to a height above Ayres upper region,
That might compare with him in any merit
That so advanc'd him? and not shew in that
Grosse over-weening worthy cause to thinke
There might be other over-sights excepted
Of capitall nature in his sisted greatnesse.

Chan. And past question Sir, for one absurd thing granted,
A thousand follow.

King. You must then employ
Your most exact, and curious art to explore
A man in place of greatest trust, and charge,
Whom I suspect to have abus'd them all,
And in whom you may give such proud veins vent,
As will bewray their boyling blood corrupted
Both against my crowne and life.

Cha. And may my life
Be curst in every act,
If I explore him not to every finer.

King. It is my Admirall.

Cha. Oh my good Leige
You tempt, not charge me with such search of him.

King. Doubt not my heartiest meaning, all the troubles
That ever mov'd in a distracted King,

The Admirall of France.

Put in just feare of his assaulted life
Are not above my sufferings for *Chabot*.

Cha. Then I am glad, and prond that I can cure you,
For he's a man that I am studied in,
And all his offices, and if you please
To give authoritie.

King. You shall not want it.

Cha. If I discharge you not of that disease,
About your necke growne, by your strange trust in him,
With full discovery of the foulest treasons.

King. But I must have all prov'd with that free justice.

Cha. Beseech your Majestie doe not question it.

King. About it instantly, and take me wholly
Vpon your selfe.

Cha. How much you grace your servant?

King. Let it be fiery quicke.

Cha. It shall have wings,
And every feather shew the flight of Kings.

Actus Tertius.

*Enter Chancellor attended, the Proctor generall whispering
in his eare. Two Iudges following. They pass.*

*Enter Chabot in his gowne, a gaurd about him, his father
and his wife on each side, Allegre.*

Adm. **A**nd have they put my faithfull servant to the
Heaven arme the honest man. (racks,

Fa. *Allegre* feesles the malice of the Chancellor.

Adm. Many upon the torture have confest
Things against truth, and yet his paine sits neerer.
Than all my other feares, come don't weepe.

Wife. My Lord, I doe not grive out of a thought,
Or poore suspition, they with all their malice
Can staine your honour, but it troubles me,
The King should grant this licence to your enemies,
As he were willing to heare *Chabot* guilty.

Adm.

The Admirall of France.

Adm. No more, the King is just, and by exposing me
To this triall, meanes to render me
More happy to his subjects, and himselfe
His sacred will be obey'd, take thy owne spirit,
And let no thought infringe thy peace for me,
I goe to have my honours all confirm'd;
Farewell thy lip, my cause has so much innocence,
It shanot neede thy prayer, I leave her yours
Till my returne; oh let me be a sonne
Still in your thoughts, now Gentlemen set forward. *Exit.*

Manente Father and Wife.

Fa. See you that trust in greatnesse, what sustaines you,
These hazards you must looke for, you that thrust
Your heads into a cloud, where lie in ambush
The souldiers of state in privy armes
Of yellow fire jealous, and mad at all
That shoote their foreheads up into their forges,
And pry into their gloomy Cabbinets;
You like vaine Citizens that must goe see
Those ever burning furnaces, wherein
Your brittle glasses of estate are blowne;
Who knowes not you are all but puffed, and bubble
Of breath, and fume forg'd, your vile brittle natures
Cause of your dearenesse? were you tough and lasting,
You would be cheape, and not worth halfe your face,
Now daughter Plannet strooke.

Wif. I am considering
What forme I shall put on, as best agreeing
With my Lords fortune.

Fa. Habit doe you meane,
Of minde or body?

Wif. Both woud be apparell'd.

Fa. In neither you have reason yet to mourne.

Wif. Ile not accuse my heart of so much weaknesse?
Twere a confession gainst my Lord, *The Queene.*

Enter Queene, Constable, Treasurer, Secretary.

She has exprest gainst me some displeasure.

Fa. Lets this way through the Gallery.

Qu. Tis she,
Doe you my Lord say I woud speake with her?
And has *Allegre*, one of 'chieftest trust with him
Suffered the racke: the Chancellor is violent;
And whats confest?

Tre. Nothing, he contemnd all,
That could with any cruellst paine explore him,
As if his minde had rob'd his nerves of sence,
And through them diffus'd fiery spirits aboye,
All flesh and blood: for as his limbs were stretch'd,
His contempts too extended.

Qu. A strange fortitude!

Tre. But we shall lose th' arraignment.

Qu. The successe
Will soone arrive.

Tre. Youle not appeare, my Lord then?

Con. I desire

Your Lordship woud excuse me,

Tre. We are your servants.

Con. She attends you Madam.

Qu. This humblenesse procedes not from your heart,
Why, you are a *Queene* your selfe in your owne thoughts,
The Admiralls wife of *France* cannot be lesse,
You have not state enough, you shold not move
Without a traine of friends and servants.

Wif. There is some mystery

Within your language Madam, I woud hope

You have more charitie than to imagine

My present condition worth your triumph,

In which I am not so lost, but I have

Some friends and servants with proportion

To my Lords fortune, but none within the list

Of those that obey mee can be more ready

To expresse their duties, than my heart to serve

Your just commands.

Qu. Then pride will ebbe I see,

There is no constant flood of state, and greatnesse,

The prodigie is ceasing when your Lord

Comes.

The Admirall of France.

Comes to the ballance, hee whose blazing fires,
Shot wonders through the Kingdome, will discover
What flying and corrupted matter fed him.

Wif. My Lord?

Qu. Your high and mighty Justicer,
The man of conscience, the Oracle
Of State, whose honorable titles
Would cracke an Elephants backe, is now turn'd mortall,
Must passe examination, and the test
Of Law, have all his offices rip'd up,
And his corrupt soule laid open to the subjects;
His bribes, oppressions, and close sinnes that made
So many grone, and curse him, now shall finde
Their just reward, and all that love their country,
Blesse heaven, and the Kings lustice, for removing
Such a devouring monster.

Fa. Sir your pardon

Madam you are the Queene, she is my daughter,
And he that you have character'd so monstrous,
My sonne in Law, now gon to be arraign'd,
The King is just, and a good man, but't does not
Adde to the graces of your royall person
To tread upon a Lady thus dejected
By her owne griefe, her Lord's not yet found guilty,

Much lesse condemn'd, though you have pleas'd to execute

Qu. What sawcy fellow's this? (him)

Fa. I must confesse.

I am a man out of this element
No Courtier, yet I am a gentleman
That dare speake honest truth to the Queenes care,
(A duty every subject wonot pay you)
And justifie it to all the world, there's nothing
Doth more ecclipse the honours of our soule,
Than an ill grounded, and ill followed passion,
Let flie with noise, and license against those
Whose hearts before are bleeding.

Con. Brave old man.

Fa. Cause you are a Queene to trample ore a woman,

The Admirall of France.

Whose tongue and faculties are all tied up,
Strike out a Lyons teeth, and pare his clawes,
And then a dwarfe may plucke him by the beard,
Tis a gay victory.

Qu. Did you heare my Lord?

Pa. I ha done.

wif. And it concernes me to beginne,
I have not made this pause through servile feare
Or guiltie apprehension of your rage,
But with iust wonder of the heates, and wildnesse
Has prepossest your nature gainst our innocence,
You are my Queene, unto that title bowes
The humblest knee in *France*, my heart made lower
With my obedience, and prostrate duty,
Nor have I powers created for my use;
When iust commands of you expect their service;
But were you Queene of all the world, or something
To be thought greater, betwixt heaven and us
That I could reach you with my eyes and voyce,
I would shoote both up in defence of my
Abused honour, and stand all your lightning.

Qu. So brave.

wif. So iust and boldly innocent,
I cannot feare, arm'd with a noble conscience
The tempest of your frowne, were it more frightfull
Then every fury made a womans anger,
Prepar'd to kill with deaths most horrid ceremony,
Yet with what freedome of my soule I can
Forgive your accusation of my pride;

Qu. Forgive? what insolence is like this language?
Can any action of ours be capable
Of thy forgiveness? dost thou how I dispise thee?
Can we sinne to be object of thy mercie?

wif. Yes, and have dont already, and no staine
To your greatnesse Madam, tis my charity
I can remit, when soveraigne Princes dare
Doe injury to those that live beneath them,
They turne worth pitty, and their pray'rs, and tis

The Admirall of France.

In the free power of those whom they oppress
To pardon e'm, each soule has a prerogative,
And priviledge royall that was sign'd by heaven,
But though ith knowledge of my disposition
Stranger to pride, and what you charge me with,
I can forgive the injustice done to me,
And striking at my person, I have no
Commission from my Lord to cleere you for
The wrongs you have done him, and still he pardon
The wounding of his loyaltie, with which life
Can hold no ballance, I must talke just boldnesse
To say ———

Fa. No more, now I must tell you daughter
Least you forget your selfe, she is the Queene,
And it becomes not you to vie with her
Passion for passion, if your Lord stand fast
To the full search of Law, Heaven will revenge him,
And give him up precious to good mens loves
If you attempt by these unruly wayes
To vindicate his justice, I me against you,
Deere as I wish your husbands life and fame,
Suffer are bound to suffer, not contest
With Princes, since their Will and Acts must be
Accounted one day to a Judge supreme.

wif. I ha done, if the devotion to my Lord,
Or pietie to his innocence have led me
Beyond the awfull limits to be observ'd
By one so much beneath your sacred person,
I thus low crave your royall pardon Madam;
I know you will remember in your goodnesse,
My life blood is concern'd while his least veine
Shall runne blacke and polluted, my heart fed
With what keeps him alive, nor can there be
A greater wound than that which strikes the life
Of our good name, so much above the bleeding
Of this rude pile we carry, as the soule
Hath excellence above this earth-borne frailty:
My Lord, by the Kings will is lead already

The Admirall of France.

To a severe arraignment, and to Iudges,
Will make no tender search into his tract
Of life and state, stay but a little while,
And *France* shall eccho to his shame or innocence,
This suit I begge, with teares, I shall have sorrow
Enough to heare him censur'd foule and monstrous,
Should you forbear to antidate my sufferings.

Qu. Your conscience comes about, and you incline
To teare he may be worth the lawes condemning.

wif. I sooner will suspect the starres, may lose
Their way, and cristall heaven returne to Chaos;
Truth sits not on her square more firme than he;
Yet let me tell you Madam, were his life
And action so foule as you have character'd,
And the bad world expects, though as a wife
Twere duty I should weepe my selfe to death,
To know him false from vertue, yet so much
I a fraile woman love my King and Country,
I should condemne him too, and thinke all honours
The price of his lost faith more farall to me,
Than *Cleopatra's* aspes warme in my bosome,
And as much boast their killing.

Qu. This declares
Another soule than was deliver'd me,
My anger melts, and I beginne to pittie her,
How much a Princes care may be abus'd?
Enjoy your happie confidence, at more leasure
You may heare from us.

wif. Heaven preserve the Queene,
And may her heart be charitable.

Fa. You blesse and honour your unworthy servant.

Qu. My Lord, did you observe this?

Con. Yes great Madam,
And read a noble spirit, which becomes
The wife of *Chabot*, their great tie of marriage
Is not more strong upon em, than their vertues.

Qu. That your opinion? I thought your judgement
Against the Admirall, doe you thinke him honest?

Con.

The Admirall of France.

Con. Religiously, a true, most zealous Patriot,
And worth all royall favour.

Qu. You amaze me,
Can you be just your selfe then, and advance
Your powers against him?

Con. Such a will be farre
From *Montmorancie*, Pioners of state
Have left no art to gaine me to their faction,
And tis my misery to be plac'd in such
A sphere where I am whirl'd by violence
Of a fierce raging motion, and not what
My owne will would encline me. I shall make
This appeare Madam, if you please to second
My free speech with the King.

Qu. Good heaven protect all,
Haste to the King, Iustice her swift wing needes,
Tis high time to be good, when vertue bleedes.

Exeunt.

*Enter Officers before the Chancellor, Iudges, the Proctor generall,
whispering with the Chancellor, they take their places.*

To them

*Enter Treasurer and Secretary who take their places
prepared on one side of the Court.*

To them

*The Captaine of the Guard, the Admirall following,
who is plac'd at the barre.*

Cha. Good Mr. Proctor generall begin.

Pro. It is not unknowne to you my very good Lords the
Iudges, and indeed to all the world, for I will make short
worke, since your honourable eares neede not to be enlarged,
I speake by a figure with prolix enumeration how infinitely
the King hath favoured this ill favoured Traitor; and yet I
may worthily too insist and prove that no grace hath beene so
large and voluminous, as this, that he hath appointed such up-
right Iudges at this time, and the chiefe of this Triumvirie,
our Chancellor by name *Poyet*, which deriveth from the
Greeke his Etymology from *Poyeni*, which is to make, to
create, to invent matter that was never extant in nature, from

E

whence

The Admirall of France.

whence also is the name and dignitie of *Poeta*, which I will not insist upon, in this place, although I am confident his Lordshippe wanteth no facultie in making of Verses: but what addition I say is it to the honour of this Delinquent, that he hath such a Iudge, a man so learned, so full of equity, so noble, so notable in the progresse of his life, so innocent, in the manage of his office so incorrupt; in the passages of State so wise, in affection to his country so religious, in all his services to the King so fortunate, and exploring, as envie it selfe cannot accuse, or malice vitiate, whom all lippes will open to commend, but those of *Philip*; and in their hearts will erect Altars, and Statues, Columnes, and Obelishes, Pillars and Pyramids, to the perpetuities of his name and memory. What shall I say; but conclude for his so great and sacred service, both to our King and Kingdome, and for their everlasting benefit, there may everlastingly be left here one of his loynes, one of his loynes ever remaine I say, and stay upon this Bench, to be the example of all Iustice, even while the North and South Starre shall continue.

Cha. You expresse your Oratory Mr. Proctor, I pray come presently to the matter.

Pro. Thus with your Lordships pardon, I proceede; and the first thing I shall glance at, will be worth your Lordships reflection, his ingratitude, and to whom? to no lesse person than a King, and to what King, his owne, and our generall Sovereaigne *Proh deum atque hominum fidem*; a King, and such a King, the health, life, and soule of us all, whose very mention drawes this salt water from my eyes; for hee indeede is our eye, who wakes and watches for us when we sleepe, and who will not sleepe for him, I meane not sleepe, which the Philosophers call, a naturall cessation of the common and consequently of all the exterior senses, caused first and immediatly by a detension of spirits, which can have no communication, since the way is obstructed, by which these spirits should commearce, by vapours ascending from the stomacke to the head, by which evaporation the rootes of the nerves are filled, through which the annuall spirits, to be powred into the dwellings of the externall senses; but sleepe

I take for death, which all know to be *Ultima linea*, who will not sleepe eternally, for such a King as wee enjoy: If therefore in generall as hee is King of us all, all sharing and dividing the benefits of this our Soveraigne, none should be so ingratefull as once to murmur against him, what shall be said of the ingratitude more monstrous in this *Chabot*, for our *Francis* hath loved, not in generall & in the croud with other subjects, but particularly this *Philip* advanc'd him to the supreme dignitie of a Statinian, lodg'd him in his very heart, yet *Monstrum horrendum*; even to this *Francis* hath *Philip* beene ingratefull. *Brutus* the loved sonne hath stabbed *Cesar* with a Bodkin: Oh what brute may be compared to him? and in what particulars may this crime be exemplified; hee hath, as wee say, chopt Logicke with the King, nay to the very teeth of his Soveraigne advance his owne Gnat-like merits, and justified with *Luciferous* pride, that his services have deserved more than all the bounty of our Munificent King hath paid him.

Cha. Observe that my Lords.

Pro. Nay he hath gone further, and most traitèrously hath committed outrage and impiety to the Kings owne hand, and royall character, which presented to him in a bill from the whole counsell, hee most violently did teare in peeces, and will doe the very body and person of our King, if your Justice make no timely prevention, and strike out the Serpentine teeth of this high, and more than horrible monster.

Tr. This was enforced home.

Pro. In the next place I will relate to your honours his most cruell exactions upon the subject, the old vanteurriers of rebellions. In the year 1536. and 37. This oppressour, and this extortioner, under pretext of his due taxation, being Admirall impos'd upon certaine Fishermen, (observe I beseech you the circumstance of their persons, Fishermen) who poore *Iohns* were imbarqued upon the coast of *Normandy*, and fishing there for Herrings (which some say is the king of Fishes) he impos'd I say twenty *souise*, and upon every boate sixe *liuers*, oh intolerable exaction! enough not onely to alienate the hearts of these miserable people from their King, which *Ipso facto* is high treason, but an occasion of a greater inconveni-

The Admirall of France.

ence, for want of due provision of fish among the subjects, for by this might entue a necessitie of mortall sins, by breaking the religious fast upon Vigils, Embers, and other dayes commanded by sacred authority, besides the miserable rut that would follow, and perhaps contagion, when feasting and flesh should be licenced for every carnall appetite. — I could urge many more particulars of his dangerous insatiate and boundlesse Avarice, but the improvement of his estate in so few yeares, from a private Gentlemans fortune, to a great Dukes renews, might save our soveraigne therein an Orator to enforce and prove faulty even to gyantisme against heaven.

Judg. This is but a noise of words.

Pro. To the foule outrages so violent, let us adde his Commission granted out of his owne presum'd authoritie, his Majestie neither infround or respected his disloyalties, infidelities, contempts, oppressions, extortions, with innumerable abuses, offences, and forfeits, both to his Majesties most royall person, crowne, and dignitie, yet notwithstanding all these injustices, this unmatched, unjust delinquent affecteth to be thought inculpable, and incomparable just; but alas my most learned Lord, none knowes better than your selves, how easie the sinceritie of Justice is pretended, how hard it is to be performed, and how common it is for him that hath least colour of title to it, to be thought the very substance and soule of it, he that was never true scholler in the least degree, longs as a woman with child to be great with schollen. she that was never with child longs *Omnibus vijs & modis* to be got with child, and will weare a cushion to seeme with child, and hee that was never just, will fly in the Kings face to be counted just, though for all he be nothing, but just, a Traytor.

Sec. The Admirall smiles.

Jud. Answer your selfe my Lord.

Adm. I shall, and briefly,

The furious eloquence of my accuser hath
Branch'd my offences hainous to the King,
And then his subject, a most vast indictment,
That to the King I have justified my merit,
And services; which conscience of that truth,

That

That gave my actions life when they are questioned,
I ought to urge agen, and doe without
The least part of injustice ; for the Bill
A foule, and most unjust one, and prefer'd
Gainst the Kings honour, and his subjects priviledge,
And with a policie to betray my office,
And faith to both, I doe confesse I tore it,
It being prest immodestly, but without
A thought of disobedience to his name,
To whose mention I bow, with humble reverence,
And dare appeale to the Kings knowledge of me,
How farre I am in foule from such a rebell,
For the rest my Lord, and you my honour'd Iudges,
Since all this mountaine all this time in labour
With more than mortall fury gainst my life,
Hath brought forth nought but some ridiculous vermine,
I will not wrong my right, and innocence,
With any serious plea in my reply,
To frustrate breath, and fight with terrible shadow
That have beene forg'd, and forc'd against my state,
But leave all, with my life to your free censures;
Onely beseeching all your learned judgements
Equall and pious conscience to weigh.

Pro. And how this great and mighty fortune hath exalted him to pride is apparant, not onely in his braves and bearings to the King, the fountaine of all this increase, but in his contempt and scorne of the subject, his vast expences in buildings, his private bounties, above royall to souldiers and schollers, that he may be the Generall and Patron, and protector of armes and arts ; the number of domesticke attendants, an army of Grasshoppers and gay Butterflies able to devour the Spring ; his glorious wardrobes, his stable of horses that are prick'd with provender, and will enforce us to weede up our Vineyards to sow Oates for supply of their provision, his caroches shining with gold, and more bright than the chariot of the Sunne, wearing out the pavements ; nay, he is of late so transcendently proud, that men must be his Mules, and carry him up and downe as it were in a Procession for men to gaze

The Admirall of France.

at him till their chins crackes with the weight of his insupportable pride, and who knowes but this may prove a fashion? But who grones for this? the subject, who murmure, and are ready to beginne a rebellion, but the tumultuous saylers, and water-rats, who runne up and downe the citie, like an overbearing tempest, cursing the Admirall, who in duty ought to undoe himself for the generall satisfaction of his countrymen.

Adm. The varietie, and wonder now presented
To your most noble notice, and the worlds,
That all my life and actions, and offices,
Explor'd with all the hundred eyes of Law
Lighted with lightning, shot out of the wrath
Of an incens'd, and commanding King,
And blowne with foes, with farre more bitter windes,
Then Winter from his Easterne cave exhales,
Yet nothing found, but what you all have heard,
And then consider if a peere of State,
Should be expos'd to such a wild arraignment
For poore complaints, his fame, faith, life, and honours
Rackt for no more.

Cha. No more? good heaven, what say
My learned assistants.

1 Is. My Lord, the crimes urg'd here for us to censure
As capitall, and worth this high arraignment
To me seeme strange, because they doe not fall
In force of Law, to arraigne a Peere of State,
For all that Law can take into her power
To sentence, is the exaction of the Fishermen?

2 Is. Here is no majesty violated, I consent to what my
Brother has exprest.

Cha. Breake then in wonder,
My frighted words out of their forming powers,
That you no more collect, from all these forfeits
That Mr. Proctor generall hath opened,
With so apparant, and impulsive learning,
Against the rage and madnesse of the offender,
And violate Majestie (my learned assistants)
When Majesties affronted and defied,

The Admirall of France.

It being compar'd with ? and in such an onset
As leap'd into his throate ? his life affrighting ?
Be justified in all insolence, all subjects
If this be so considered, and insult
Vpon your priuiledg'd malice, is not Majestie
Poyson'd in this wonder ! and no felony set
Where royaltie is rob'd, and
Fie how it fights with Law, and grates upon
Her braine and soule, and all the powers of Reason,
Reporter of the proceſſe, shew the ſedule.

No. Here my good Lord.

1. No altering it in us.

2. Farre be it from us Sir.

Cha. Heres ſilken Iuſtice,

It might be altered, mend your ſentences.

Both. Not wee my Lord.

Cha. Not you ? The King ſhall know

You ſlight a duty to his will, and ſafety,

Give me your pen, it uſt be capitall.

1. Make what you pleaſe my Lord, our doome ſhall ſtand.

Cha. Thus I ſubſcribe, now at your perills follow.

Both. Perills my Lord ? threates in the Kings free juſtice ?
Tre. I am amaz'd they can be ſo remiſſe.

Sec. Mercifull men, pittifull Iudges certaine.

1. Subſcribe, it matters nothing being conſtrain'd

On this ſide, and on this ſide, this capitall I,

Both which together put, import plaine *Vz*;

And witneſſe we are forc'd.

2. Enough,

It will acquit us when we make it knowne,

Our names are forc'd.

Cha. If traiterous pride

Vpon the royall perſon of a King

Were ſentenc'd unfelloniouſly before,

He burne my Bookes and be a Iudge no more.

Both. Here are our hands ſubſcrib'd.

Cha. Why ſo, it joyes me,

You have reform'd your juſtice and your judgement,

Now

The Admirall of France.

Now have you done like Iudges and learned Lawyers,
The King shall thanke, and honour you for this.
Notary read.

No. We by his sacred Majestie appointed
Judges, upon due triall, and examination
Of *Philip Chabot* Admirall of *France*
Declare him guiltie of high treasons, &c.

Cha. Now Captaine of the gaurd, secure his person,
Till the King signifie
His pleasure for his death, this day is happy
To *France*, thus reskued from the vile devourer.

A shoute within.

Harke how the votes applaud their blest deliverance,
You that so late did right and conscience boast,
Heavens mercy now implore, the Kings is lost.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter King, Queene, and Constable.

Kin. **Y**OU raise my thoughts to wonder, that you Madam,
And you my Lord, unite your force to pleade
Ith' Admiralls behalf, this is not that
Language you did expresse, when the torne Bill
Was late pretended to us, it was then
Defiance to our high prerogative,
The act of him whose proud heart would rebell
And arm'd with faction, too soone attempt
To teare my crowne off.

Qu. I was ignorant
Then of his worth, and heard but the report
Of his accusers, and his enemies,
Who never mention in his character
Shadowes of any vertue in those men,
They would depreffe like Crows, and carrion birds,
They fly ore flowrie Meades, cleare Springs, faire Gardens,
And stoepe at carcases; for your owne honour

Pitty,

The Admirall of France.

Pitty poore *Chabot*.

King. Poore and a Colossus?

What could so lately straddle ore a Province,
Can he be fallen so low, and miserable,
To want my pitty, who breakes forth like day,
Takes up all peoples eyes, and admiration?
It cannot be, he hath a Princely wife too.

Qu. I interpose not often Sir, or presse you
With unbecomming importunitie,
To serve the profitable ends of others
Conscience, and duty to your selfe inforce
My present mediation, you have given
The health of your owne state away, unlesse
Wisedome in time recover him.

King. If he proove
No adulterate gold, triall confirms his value.

Qu. Although it hold in mettle gracious Sir,
Such fiery examination, and the furnace
May wast a heart thats faithfull, and together
With that you call the *feces*, something of
The precious substance may be hazarded.

King. Why, you are the chiefe engine rais'd against him,
And in the worlds Creede labour most to sinke him,
That in his fall, and absence every beame
May shine on you, and onely guild your fortune,
Your difference is the ground of his arraignment,
Nor were we unsolicited by you,
To have your bill confirm'd, from that that spring
Came all these mighty and impetuous waves,
With which he now must wraastle, if the strength
Of his owne innocence can breake the storme,
Truth wonot lose her servant, her wings cover him,
He must obey his fate.

Con. I would not have
It lie upon my fame, that I should be
Mentioned in Story his unjust supplanter
For your whole Kingdome, I have beene abused,
And made bleeve my suite was just and necessary,

The Admirall of France.

My walkes have not beene safe, my closet prayers,
But some plot has pursued me, by some great ones
Against your noble Admirall, they have frighted
My fancy into my dreames with their close whippers,
How to uncement your affections,
And render him the fable, and the scorne
Of France.

Qu. Brave *Montmorancie*.

King. Are you serious.

Con. Have I a soule? or gratitude, to acknowledge
My selfe your creature, dignified and honor'd
By your high favours with an equall truth,
I must declare the justice of your Admirall
(In what my thoughts are conscious) and will rather
Give up my claime to birth, title, and offices,
Be throwne from your warme smile, the top and crowne
Of subjects happinesse, then be brib'd with all
Their glories to the guilt of *Chabots* ruine.

King. Come, come, you over act this passion,
And if it be not pollicie it tast
Too greene, and wants some counsell to mature it,
His fall prepares your triumph.

Con. It confirms
My shame alive, and buried will corrupt
My very dust, make our house-genious grone,
And fright the honest marble from my ashes:
His fall prepare my triumph? turne me first
A naked exile to the world.

King. No more,
Take heede you banish not your selfe, be wise,
And let not too much zeale devour your reason.

Enter Asall.

As. Your Admirall
Is condemn'd Sir?

King. Ha? strange! no matter,
Leave us, a great man I see may be
As soone dispatch'd, as a common subject.

Qu. No mercy then for *Chabot*.

Enter

The Admirall of France.

Enter Wife and Father.

Wif. From whence came
That sound of *Chabot*? then we are all undone:
Oh doe not heare the Queene, she is no friend
To my poore Lord, but made against his life,
Which hath too many enemies already.

Con. Poore soule, shee thinks the Queene is still against
Who employeth all her powers to preserve him. (him,

Fa. Say you so my Lord? daughter the Queen's our friend.

Wif. Why doe you mocke my sorrow! can you flatter
Your owne griefe so, be just, and heare me sir,
And doe not sacrifice a subjects blood
To appease a wrathfull Queene, let mercy shine
Vpon your brow, and heaven will pay it backe
Vpon your soule, be deafe to all her prayers.

King. Poore heart, she knowes not what she has desir'd.

Wif. I begge my *Chab*'s life, my sorrowes yet
Have not destroid my reason.

King. He is in the power of my Lawes, not mine.

Wif. Then you have no power,
And are but the emptie shadow of a King,
To whom is it resign'd? where shall I begge
The forfeit life of one condemn'd by Lawes
To partiall doome?

King. You heare he is condemn'd then?

Fa. My sonne is condemn'd sir.

King. You know for what too.

Fa. What the Iudges please to call it,
But they have given't a name, Treason they say.

Qu. I must not be denied.

King. I must deny you.

Wif. Be blest for ever fort.

Qu. Grant then to her.

King. *Chabot* condemn'd by law?

Fa. But you have power
To change the rigor, in your brest there is
A Chancellor above it, I nere had
A suite before, but my knees joyne with hers

The Admirall of France.

To implore your royall mercy to her Lord,
And take his cause to your examination,
It cannot wrong your Iudges, if they have
Beene steer'd by conscience.

Con. It will save your Iustice.

King. I cannot be prescrib'd, you kneele in vaine,
You labour to betray me with your teares
To a treason above his, gainst my owne Lawes,
Looke to the Lady ———

Exeunt.

Enter Asall.

As. Sir the Chancellor.

King. Admit him, leave us all.

Enter Chancellor.

How now my Lord ?

You have lost no time, and how thrive the proceedings.

King. 'Twas fit my gracious Sovereigne, time should leave
His motion made in all affaires beside,
And spend his wings onely in speed of this.

King. You have shew'd diligence, and whats become
Of our most curious Iusticer, the Admirall ?

Cha. Condemn'd sir utterly, and all hands set
To his conviction.

King. And for faults most foule ?

Cha. More than most impious, but the applausive issue
Strooke by the concurrence of your ravish'd subjects
For joy of your free Iustice, if there were
No other cause to assure the sentence just
Were prooffe convincing.

King. Now then he sees cleerely
That men perceive how vaine his Iustice was,
And scorne him for the foolish net he wore
To hide his nakednesse ; ist not a wonder
That mens ambitions should so blinde their reason
To affect shapes of honesty, and take pride
Rather in seeming, then in being just.

Cha. Seeming has better fortune to attend it
Then being sound at heart, and vertuous.

King. Professe all ? nothing doe, like those that live

The Admirall of France.

By looking to the Lamps of holy Temples,
Who still are busie taking off their snuffes,
But for their profit sake will adde no oyle;
So these will checke and sentence every fame,
The blaze of riotous blood doth cast in others,
And in themselves leave the same most offensive,
But he to doe this? more deceives my judgement
Than all the rest whose nature I have founded.

Cha. I know Sir, and have prov'd it.

King. Well my Lord

To omit circumstance, I highly thanke you
For this late service you have donẽ me here,
Which is so great and meritorious
That with my ablest power I scarce can quit you.

Cha. Your sole acceptance (my dread soveraigne)
I more rejoyce in, than in all the fortunes
That ever chanc'd me, but when may it please
Your Highnesse to order the execution?
The haste thus farre hath spar'd no pinions.

King. No my Lord, your care
Hath therein much deserv'd.

Cha. But where proportion
Is kept toth' end in things, at start so happy
That end set on the crowne.

King. Ile speede it therefore.

Cha. Your thoughts direct it, they are wing'd. *Exit.*

King. I joy this boldnesse is condemn'd, that I may pardon,
And therein get some ground in his opinion
By so much bounty as saves his life,

And me thinks that weigh'd more, should sway the ballance
Twixt me and him, held by his owne free Iustice,
For I could never finde him obstinate
In any minde he held, when once he saw
Th' error with which he laboured, and sincẽ now
He needs must feele it, I admit no doubt,
But that his alteration will beget
Another sence of things twixt him and mē;
Whose there?

Enter Asall.

The Admirall of France.

Goe to the Captaine of my guard, and will him
To attend his condemn'd prisoner to me instantly.

As. I shall sir. *Enter Treasurer & Secretary.*

King. My Lords, you were spectators of our Admirall.

Tre. And hearers too of his most just conviction,
In which we witnesse over-weight enough
In your great bounties, and as they there were weigh'd
With all the feathers of his boasted merits.

King. Has felt a scorching triall, and the test
(That holds fires utmost force) we must give mettalls
That will not with the hammer, and the melting
Confesse their truth, and this same sence of feeling
(Being ground to all the sences) hath one key
More than the rest to let in through them all
The mindes true apprehension, that thence takēs
Her first convey'd intelligence. I long
To see this man of confidence agen:

How thinke you Lords, will *Chabot* looke on mee,
Now spoild of the integrity, he boasted?

Sec. It were too much honour to vouchsafe your sight.

Tr. No doubt my Leigh, but he that hath offended
In such a height against your crowne and person,
Will want no impudence to looke upon you.

Enter Asall, Captaine, Admirall.

Cap. Sir, I had charge given me by this Gentlēman
To bring your condemn'd prisoner to your presence.

King. You have done well, and tell the *Queene*, and our
Lord Constable we desire their presence, bid
Our Admiralls Lady, and her father too
Attend us here, they are but new withdrawne.

As. I shall sir!

Tre. Doe you observe this confidence?
He stands as all his triall were a dreame.

Sec. Hele finde the horrour waking, the King's troubled;
Now for a thunder-clap: the *Queene* and Constable.

Enter Queene, Constable, Wife and Father.

Tr. I doe not like their mixture.

King. My Lord Admirall,

You

The Admirall of France.

You made it your desire to have this triall
That late hath past upon you ;
And now you seele how vaine is too much faith
And flattery of your selfe, as if your brest
Were prooffe gainst all invasion, tis so flight
You see it lets in death, whats past, hath beene
To satisfie your insolence, there remains
That now we serve our owne free pleasure, therefore
By th: most absolute power, with which all right
Puts in my hands, these issues turnes, and changes,
I here in care of all these, pardon all
Your faults and forfeits, whatsoever sensur'd,
Againe advancing, and establisshing
Your person in all fulnesse of that state
That ever you enjoy'd before th' attainer.

Tr. Wonderfull, pardon'd !

Wif. Heaven preserve the King.

Qu. Who for this will deserve all time to honour him.

Con. And live Kings best example.

Fa. Sonne yare pardon'd,

Be sure you looke hereafter well about you.

Adm. Vouchsafe great Sir to assure me what you said,
You nam'd my pardon.

King. And agen declare it,
For all crimes past, of what nature soever.

Adm. You cannot pardon me Sir.

King. How's that *Philip* ?

Adm. It is a word carries too much relation
To an offence, of which I am not guilty,
And I must still be bold where truth still armes,
In spight of all those frownes that would deject me
To say I neede no pardon.

King. Ha, howes this ?

Fa. Hees mad with over-joy, and answers nonsense.

King. Why, tell me *Chabot*, are not you condemn'd ?

Adm. Yes, and that justifies me much the more,
For whatsoever false report hath brought you,
I was condemn'd for nothing that could reach

The Admirall of France.

To prejudice my life, my goods or honour,
As first in firmenesse of my conscience,
I confidently told you, not alas
Presuming on your slender thred of favour,
Or pride of fortunate and courtly boldnesse,
But what my faith and justice bade me trust too,
For none of all your learned assistant Judges,
With all the malice of my crimes could urge,
Or felony or hurt of sacred power.

King. Doe any heare this, but my selfe? My Lords,
This man still justifies his innocence,
What prodigies are these? have not our Lawes
Past on his actions, have not equall Iudges
Certified his arraignment, and him guilty
Of capitall Treason? and yet doe I heare
Chabot accuse all these, and quit himselfe.

Tr. It does appeare distraction sir.

King. Did we
Seeme so indulgent to propose our free
And royall pardon without suite or prayer,
To meete with his contempt?

Sec. Vnhear'd of impudence!

Ad. I were malicious to my selfe, and desperate
To force untruths upon my soule, and when
Tis cleare, to confesse a shame to exercise
Your pardon sir, were I so foule and monstrous
As I am given to you, you would commit
A sinne next mine, by wronging your owne mercy
To let me draw out impious breath, it will
Release your wonder, if you give command
To see your proesse, and if it prove other
Than I presume to informe, teare me in peccēs.

King. Goe for the Proesse, and the Chancellor,
With the assistant Iudges. I thanke heaven
That with all these inforcements of distraction
My reason staves so c'eare to heare, and answer,
And to direct a message. This inversion
Of all the loyalties, and true deserts

Exit As.

That

The Admirall of France.

That I belēē'd I govern'd with, till now
In my choice Lawyers, and chiefe Counsellors
Is able to shake all my frame of reason.

Adm. I am much griv'd.

King. No more, I doe incline
To thinke I am abus'd, my Lawes betrai'd
And wrested to the purpose of my Judges,
This confidence in *Chabot* turnes my judgement,
This was too wilde away to make his merits
Scoop and acknowledge my superior bounties,
That it doth raise, and fixe e'm past my art,
To shadow all the shame and forfeits mine.

Enter Asall, Chancellor, Judges.

As. The Chancellor and Judges Sir.

Tre. I like not

This passion in the King, the Quēē and Constable
Are of that side.

King. My Lord, you dare appeare then ?

Cha. Dare Sir, I hope.

King. Well done, hope still, and tell me,
Is not this man condemn'd ?

Cha. Strange question Sir,

The proceffe will declare it, sign'd with all
These my assistant brothers reverend hands
To his conviction in a publike triall.

King. You said for foule and monstrous facts prov'd by him.

Cha. The very words are there sir.

King. But the deedes

I looke for sir, name me but one thats monstrous?

Cha. His foule comparisons, and affronts of you,
To me seem'd monstrous.

King. I told you them sir,
Nor were they any that your so vast knowledge,
Being a man studied in him, could produce
And prove as cleare as heaven, you warrantēd
To make appeare such treasons in the Admirall,
As never all Lawes, Volumes yet had sentenc'd,
And France should looke on, having scap'd with wonder

The Admirall of France.

What in this nature hath beene cleerely prov'd
In his arraignment.

1. Nothing that we heard

In slenderest touch urg'd by your Advocate.

King. Dare you affirme this too?

2. Most confidently.

King. No base corruptions charg'd upon him.

1. None sir.

Tr. This arguēs *Chabot* has corrupted him.

Sec. I doe not like this.

1. The summe of all

Was urg'd to prove your Admirall corrupt,

Was an exaction of his officers,

Of twenty *souſe* taken from the Fishermen

For every boate, and that fiſh'd the *Normand* coast.

King. And was this all

The mountaines, and the marvell's promiſt me,

To be in cleere prooffe made againſt the liſe

Of our ſo hated Admirall.

Ind. All ſir,

Vpon our liues and conſciencēs.

Cha. I am blaſted.

King. How durſt you then ſubſcribē to his conviction?

1. For threats by my Lord Chancellor on the Bench,
Affirming that your Maieſtie would have it
Made capitall treaſon, or account us traitors.

2. Yet ſir, we did put to our names with this
Interpoſition of a note in ſecret
In theſe two letters *V*, and *I*, to ſhew
Wee were enforc'd to what we did, which then
In Law is nothing.

Fa. How doe you feele your Lordſhip.
Did you not finde ſome ſtuffing in your head,
Your braine ſhould have beene purg'd.

Cha. I fall to peeces,
Would they had rotted on the Bench.

King. And ſo you ſav'd the peace of that high Court.
Which otherwiſe his impious rage had broken,
But thus am I by his maligions arts

The Admirall of France.

A partly rendred, and most tyrannous spurre
To all the open course of his base envies,
A forcer of my Iudges, and a thirst
Of my nobilities blood, and all by one,
I trusted to make cleere my love of Iustice.

Cha. I beseech your Majestie, let all my zeale
To serve your vertues, with a sacred value
Made of your royall state, to which each least
But shade of violence in any subject
Doth provoke certaine death.

King. Death on thy name
And memory for ever, one command
Our Advocate attend us presently.

As. He waites here.

King. But single death shall not excuse, thy skinne
Torne ore thine eares, and what else can be inflicted
If thy life with the same severity
Dissected cannot stand so many fires.

Sec. Tre. Be mercifull great Sir.

King. Yet more amaze?

Is there a knee in all the world beside
That any humane conscience can let bow
For him, yare traitors all that pittie him.

Tr. This is no time to move.

King. Yet twas my fault
To trust this wretch, whom I knew fierce and proud
With formes of tongue and learning, what a prisoner
Is pride of the whole flood of man? for as
A humane seede is said to be a mixture
And faire contemperature extracted from
All our best faculties, so the seede of all
Mans sensuall frailty, may be said to abide,
And have their confluence in onely pride,
It stupifies mans reason so, and dulls
True sence of any thing, but what may fall
In his owne glory, quenches all the spirits
That light a man to honour and true goodnesse.

As. Your Advocate.

Enter Advocate.

The Admirall of France.

King. Come hither.

Adv. My most gracious Sovereigne.

Adm. Madam you infinitely oblige our duty.

Qu. I was too long ignorant of your worth my Lord,
And this sweete Ladies vertue.

Wif. Both your servants.

Adm. I never had a feare of the Kings Iustice,
And yet I know not what creepes ore my heart,
And leaves an ice beneath it, my Lord Chancellor,
You have my forgiveness, but implore heavens pardon
For wrongs to equall justice, you shall want
No charitic of mine to mediate
To the King for you.

Cha. Horrour of my soule
Confounds my gratitude.

Con. To me now most welcome.

Adv. It was my allegiance sir, I did enforce,
But by directions of your Chancellor,
It was my office to advance your cause
Gainst all the world, which when I leave to execute,
Flea me, and turne me out a most raw Advocate.

King. You see my Chancellor.

Adv. He has an ill looke with him.

King. It shall be your province now, on our behalfe
Touge what can in justice be against him,
His riot on our Lawes, and corrupt actions
Will give you scope and field enough.

Adv. And I
Will play my law prizē, never feare it sir,
He shall be guilty of what you please, I am studied
In him sir, I will squeeze his villanies,
And urge his acts so whom into his bowells,
The force of it shall make him hang himselfe,
And save the Lawes a labour.

King. Iudges, for all
The poisonous outrage, that this viper spilt
On all my royall freedome and my Empire,
As making all but servants to his malice.

The Admirall of France.

I will have you revise the late arraignment,
And for those worthy reasons, that already
Affect you for my Admiralls acquittall
Employ your justice on this Chancellor, away with him;
Arrest him Captaine of my guard to answer
All that due course of Law against him can
Charge both his Acts and life.

Cap. I doe arrest thee
Poyet Lord Chancellor in his Highnesse name,
To answer all that equall course of Law
Can charge thy acts and life with.

Cha. I Obey.

King. How false a heart corruption has, how base
Without true worth are all these earth-bred glories?
Oh blessed justice, by which all things stand,
That stills the thunder, and makes lightning sinke
Twixt earth and heaven amaz'd, and cannot strike,
Being prov'd so now in wonder of this man,
The object of mens hate, and heavens bright love;
And as in cloudy dayes, we see the Sunne
Glide over turrets, temples, richest fields,
All those left darke, and slighted in his way,
And on the wretched plight of some poore shed,
Powres all the glories of his golden head;
So heavenly vertue, on this envied Lord,
Points all his graces, that I may distinguish
Him better from the world.

Tre. You doe him right.

F. King. But away Iudges, and pursue the arraignment
Of this polluted Chancellor with that swiftnesse,
His fury wing'd against my Admirall,
And be you all, that sate on him compurgators
Of me against this false Iudge.

Iud. We are io.

King. Be you two joyn'd in the commission,
And nothing urg'd but justly, of me learning
This one more lesson out of the events
Of these affaires now past, that whatsoever

The Admirall of France.

Charge or Commission Indges have from us,
They ever make their ayme ingenuous Iustice,
Not partiall for reward, or swelling favour,
To which if your King steere you, spare to obey,
For when his troubled blood is cleere, and calme,
He will repent that he pursued his rage,
Before his pious Law, and hold that Iudge
Vnworthy of his place, that lets his censure
Flote in the waves of an imagin'd favour,
This ship wracks in the haven, and but wounds
Their consciences that sooth the soone etb'd humours
Of their incensed King.

Con. Tre. Royall and sacred.

King. Come *Philip*, shine thy honour now for ever,
For this short temporall eclipse it suffer'd
By th' interpos'd desire I had to try thee,
Nor let the thought of what is past afflict thee,
For my unkindnesse, live still circled here,
The bright intelligence of our royall spheere.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Queene, Constable, Father.

Qu. **T**He Admirall sicke?

Fa. With danger at the heart.

I came to tell the King.

Con. He never had

More reason in his soule, to entertaine

All the delights of health.

Fa. I feare my Lord,

Some apprehension of the Kings unkindnesse,

By giving up his person, and his offices

To the Lawes gripe and searh, is ground of his

Sad change, the greatest foules are thus oft wounded,

If he vouchsafe his presence, it may quicken

His fast decaying spirits, and prevent

The Admirall of France.

[The hasty ebbe of life.

Qu. The King is now
Fraught with the joy of his fresh preservation,
The newes so violent, let into his eare,
May have some dangerous effect in him,
I woud not counsell fir to that.

Fa. With greater reason
I may suspect they'le spread my Lord, and as
A river left his curl'd and impetuous waves
Over the bankes, by confluence of streames
That fill and swell her channell, for by this time
He has the addition of *Allegres* suffering,
His honest servant, whom I met though feeble
'And worne with torture, going to congratulate
His Masters safetrie.

Qu. It seemes he much
Affected that *Allegre*.

Con. There will be
But a sad interview and dialogue.

Qu. Does he keepe his bed?

Fa. In that alone

He shewes a fortitude, he will move, and walke
He sayes while his owne strength or others can
Support him, wishing he might stand and lookē
His destiny in the face at the last summon,
Not sluggishly exhale his soule in bed,
With indulgence, and nice flattery of his limbs.

Qu. Can he in this shew spirit, and want force
To wrastle with a thought?

Fa. Oh Madam, Madam,
We may have prooffe against thē sword, and tyranny
Of boysterous warre that threatens us, but when
Kings frounē, a Cannon mounted in each eye,
Shoote death to apprehension, ere their fire
And force approach us.

Enter King.

Con. Here's the King.

Qu. No words
To interrupt his quiet.

Fa.

The Admirall of France.

Fa. Ile begon then!

King. Our Admiralls father! call him backe.

Qu. I woult stay to heare e'm.

Exit.

Con. Sir, be prudent,

And doe not for your sonne fright the Kings health. *Exit.*

King. What, ha they left us? how does my Admirall?

Fa. I am forbid to tell you sir.

King. By whom.

Fa. The Queene and my Lord Constable.

King. Are there

Remaining seedes of faction? have they sonles
Not yet convinc'd ich truth of *Chabots* honour,
Cleare as the christall heaven, and bove the reach
Of imitation.

Fa. Tis their care of you,
And no thought prejudiciall to my sonne.

King. Their care of me?

How can the knowledge of my Admiralls state
Concerne their feares of me, I see their envie
Of *Chabots* happinesse, whose joy to be
Rendr'd so pure and genuine to the world
Dorth grate upon their conscience and affright 'em;
But let 'em vexe, and bid my *Chabot* still
Exalt his heart, and triumph, he shall have
The accesse of ours, the kingdome shall put on
Such joyes for him as she would best to celebratē
Her owne escape from ruine.

Fa. He is not in state to heare my sad newes
I perceive.

King. That countenance is not right, it does not answer
What I expect,

Say, how is my Admirall?

The truth upon thy life.

Fa. To secure his, I would you had.

King. Ha? Who durst oppose him?

Fa. One that hath power enough hath practis'd on him
And made his great heart stoope.

King. I will revenge it

With

The Admirall of France.

With crushing, crushing that rebellious power to nothing,
Name him.

Fa. He was his friend.

King. A friend to malice, his owne blacke impostume
Burne his blood up, what mischief hath ingendred
New stormes?

Fa. Tis the old tempest.

King. Did not we
Appease all horrors that look'd wilde upon him?

Fa. You dress his wounds I must confesse, but made
No cure, they bleede a fresh, pardon me sir,
Although your conscience have clos'd too soone,
He is in danger, and doth want new surgerie
Though he be right in fame, and your opinion,
He thinkes you were unkinde.

King. Alas poore *Chabot*,
Doth that afflict him.

Fa. So much, though he strive
With most resolv'd and Adamantine nerves,
As ever humane fire in flesh and blood,
Forg'd for example, to beare all, so killing
The arrowes that you shot were (still your pardon)
No Centaures blood could rancle so.

King. If this
Be all, ile cure him, Kings retaine
More Balsome in their soule then hurt in anger.

Fa. Farre short sir, with one breath they uncreate,
And Kings with onely words more wounds can make
Then all their kingdome made in balme can heale,
Tis dangerous to play to wilde a descant
On numerous vertue, though it become Princes
To assure their adventures made in every thing,
Goodnesse confin'd within poore flesh and blood,
Hath but a queazie and still sickly state,
A musicall hand should onely play on her
Fluent as ayre, yet every touch command.

King. No more,
Commend us to the Admirall, and say,

The Admirall of France.

The King will visite him, and bring health.

Fa. I will not doubt that blessing, and shall move
Nimble with this command.

Exeunt.

Enter Officers before, Treasurer, Secretary, and Iudges, attended by Petitioners, the Advocate also with many papers in his hand, they take their places.

The Chancellor with a guard, and plac'd at the Barre.

Tre. Did you beleeve the Chancellor had beene
So foule?

Sec. Hee's lost toth' people, what contempts
They throw upon him? but we must be wise.

1 Ind. Were there no other guilt, his malice shew'd
Vpon the Admirall, in orebearing justice,
Would well deserve a sentence.

Tre. And a deepe one.

2 Ind. If please your Lordships to remember that
Was specially commended by the King,
As being most blemish to his royall person,
And the free justice of his state.

Tre. Already
He has confest upon his examinations
Enough for sensure, yet to obey forme —
Mr. Advocate if you please —

Adv. I am ready for your Lordships: It hath beene said,
and will be said agen, and may truely be justified, *Omnia ex
lite fieri*. It was the position of Philosophers, and now proved
by a more Philosophycall sect, the Lawyers, that *Omnia ex
lite fiant*, we are all made by Law, made I say, and worthily
if we be just, if we be unjust, marr'd, though in marring some,
there is necessitie of making others, for if one fall by the Law,
tenne to one but another is exalted by the execution of the
Law, since the corruption of one must conclude the genera-
tion of another, though not alwayes in the same profession;
the corruption of an Apothecary, may be the generation of a
Doctor of Physicke; the corruption of a Citizen may beget a
Courtier, & a Courtier may very well beget an Alderman, the
corruption of an Alderman may be the generation of a Coun-
try Iustice, whose corrupt ignorance easily may beget a tumult,

a tumult may beget a Captaine, and the corruption of a Captaine may beget a Gentleman-Vſher, and a Gentleman-Vſher may beget a Lord; whose wit may beget a Poet, and a Poet may get a thousand pound a yeare, but nothing without corruption.

Tre. Good Mr. Advocate be pleased to leave all digressions, and speake of the Chancellor.

Adv. Your Lordship doth very seasonably premonish, and I shall not neede to leave my subject corruption, while I discourse of him, who is the very fenne and stigmaticke abisse of it, five thousand and odde hundred foule and impious corruptions, for I will be briefe; have beene found by severall examinations, and by oathes prov'd against this odious and polluted Chancellor, a man of so tainted, and contagious a life, that it is a miracle any man enjoyeth his nostrills, that hath lived within the sent of his offices; he was borne with teeth in his head, by an affidavit of his Midwife, to note his devouring, and hath one toe on his left foote crooked, and in the forme of an Eagles talon, to foretell his rapacitie: What shall I say? branded, mark'd, and design'd in his birth for shame and obloquie, which appeareth further by a mole under his right eare, with only three Witches haire int, strange and ominous predictions of nature.

Tre. You have acquainted your selfe but very lately With this intelligence, for as I remember Your tongue was guilty of no such character, When hee sat Iudge upon the Admirall, A pious incorrupt man, a faithfull and fortunate Servant to his King, and one of the greatest Honours that ever the Admirall received, was That he had so noble and just a Iudge, this must Imply a strange volubilitie in your tongue, or Conscience, I speake not to discountenance any Evidence for the King, but to put you in minde, Mr. Advocate that you had then a better opinion Of my Lord Chancellor.

Adv. Your Lordship hath most aptly interpos'd, and with a word I shall easily satisfie all your judgements; He was then

The Admirall of France.

a Judge, and in *Cathedra*, in which he could not erre; it may be your Lordships cases, out of the chaire and seate of Iustice, he hath his frailties, is loos'd and expos'd to the conditions of other humane natures; so every Iudge, your Lordships are not ignorant, hath a kinde of priviledge while he is in his state, office and being, and although hee may *quoad se*, internally and privately be guilty of bribery of Iustice, yet *quoad nos*, and in publike he is an upright and innocent Iudge, we are to take no notice, nay, we deserved to suffer, if wee should detect or staine him; for in that we disparage the Office, which is the Kings, and may be our owne, but once remov'd from his place by just dishonour of the King, he is no more a Iudge but a common person, whom the law takes hold on, and wee are then to forget what hee hath beene, and without partialitis to strip and lay him open to the world, a counterfeite and corrupt Iudge, as for example, hee may and ought to flourish in his greatnesse, and breake any mans necke, with as much facilitie as a jaest, but the case being altered, and hee downe, every subject shall be heard, a Wolfe may be appareld in a Lamb-skinne; and if every man should be afraid to speake truth, nay, and more than truth, if the good of the subject which are clients sometime require it, there would be no remove of Officers, if no remove no motions, if no motion in Court no heate, and by consequence but cold Termes; take away this moving, this removing of Iudges, the Law may bury it selfe in Buckram, and the kingdome suffer for want of a due execution; and now I hope your Lordships are satisfied.

Tre. Most learnedly concluded to acquit your selfe.

Jud. Mr. Advocate, please you to urge for satisfaction Of the world, and clearing the Kings honour, how unjustly he proceeded against the Admirall.

Adv. I shall obey your Lordship ——— So vast, so infinite hath beene the impudence of this Chancellor, not onely toward the subject, but even the sacred person of the King, that I tremble as with a Palsie to remember it. This man, or rather this monster, having power and commission trusted for the examination of the Lord Admirall, a man perfect in all honour and justice; indeede the very ornament and second flower.

flower of France, for the *Flower-de-lis*, is sacred and above all flowers, and indeede the best flower in our garden. Having used all wayes to circumvent his innocence by suborning and promising rewards to his betrayers, by compelling others by the cruelty of tortures, as namely Mounseieur *Allegre* a most honest and faithfull servant to his Lord, tearing and extending his sinewes upon the racke to force a confession to his purpose, and finding nothing prevaile upon the invincible vertue of the Admirall.

Sec. How he would flatter him?

Adv. Yet most maliciously proceeded to arraigne him; to be short against all colour of Iustice condemn'd him of high treasons; oh thinke what the life of man is, that can never be recompenced; but the life of a just man, a man that is the vigour and glory of our life and nation to be torne to death, and sacrific'd beyond the mallice of common persecution. What Tiger of *Hercanian* breede could have beene so cruell? but this is not all? he was not guilty onely of murder, guilty I may say *In foro cōscientie*, though our good Admirall was miraculously preserv'd, but unto this he added a most prodigious & fearefull rape, a rape even upon Iustice it self, the very soule of our state, for the rest of the Iudges upon the Bench, venerable images of *Austria*, he most tyranously compel'd to set their hands to his most unjust sentence; did ever story remember the like outrage and injustice; what forfeit, what penalty can be enough to satisfie this transcendent offence? and yet my good Lords, this is but veniall to the sacriledge which now followes, and by him committed, not content with this sentence, not satisfied with horrid violence upon the sacred Tribunall, but hee proceeds and blasphemes the very name and honour of the King himselfe, observe that, making him the author and impulsive cause of all these rapines, justifying that he mov'd onely by his speciall command to the death, nay the murder of his most faithfull subject, translating all his owne blacke and damnable guilt upon the Kings heires, a traytor to his Country, first, he conspires the death of one whom the King loves, and whom every subject ought to honour, and then makes it no conscience to proclaime it the Kings act, & by consequence declares him a

The Admirall of France.

murderer of his ownē, and of his best subjects.

Within An Advocate, an Advocate, teare him in peeces,
Teare the Chancellor in peeces. (justice.)

Tre. The people have deepe sence of the Chancellors in-

Sec. We must be carefull to prevent their mutiny.

Iud. It will become our wisedomes to secure the court
And prisoner.

Tre. Captaine of the guatd.

2. What can you say for your selfe Lord Chancellor.

Cha. Againe, I confesse all, and humbly fly to
The royall mercy of the King.

Tre. And this submission is the way to purchase it.

Cha. Heare me great Iudges, if you have not lost
For my sake all your charities, I beseech you,
Let the King know my heart is full of penitence,
Calme his high-going sea, or in that tempest
I ruine to eternitie, oh my Lords,
Consider your owne places, and the helmes
You sit at, while with all your providence
You steere, looke forth and see devouring quicksands,
My ambition now is punish'd, and my pride
Of state and greatnesse falling into nothing,
I that had never time through vast employments
To thinke of heaven, feele his revengefull wrath,
Boyling my blood, and scorching up my entrills,
There doomesday is my conscience blacke and horrid,
For my abuse of Iustice, but no stings
Prickt with that terrour as the wounds I made
Vpon the pious Admirall, some good man
Beare my repentance thither, he is mercifull,
And may encline the King to stay his lightning
Which threatens my confusion, that my free
Resigne of title, office, and what else
My pride look'd at, would buy my poore lives safety,
For ever banish me the court, and let
Me waste my life farre off in some Village.

Adv. How? Did your Lordships note his request to you,
he would direct your sentence to punish him with confining
him

The Admirall of France.

him to live in the country, like the Mouse in the Fable, that having offended to deserve death, beg'd he might be banished into a Parmisan. I hope your Lordships will be more just to the nature of his offences.

Sec. I could have wish'd him fall on softer ground
For his good parts.

Tre. My Lord, this is your sentence for you high misdemeanours against his Majesties Judges, for your unjust sentence of the most equall Lord Admirall, for many and foule corruptions and abuse of your office, and that infinite staine of the Kings person, and honour, we in his Majesties name, deprive you of your estate of Chancellor. & declare you uncapeable of any judicall office, & besides condemne you in the sum of two hundred thousand crownes; whereof one hundred thousand to the King, and one hundred thousand to the Lord Admirall, and what remaineth of your estate to goe to the restitution of those you have injur'd, and to suffer perpetuall imprisonment in the Castle, so take him to your custody. Your Lordships have beene mercifull in his sentence.

Exit.

They have spar'd my life then, that some cure may bring,
I spend it in my prayers for the King.

Exeunt.

Enter Admirall in his Gowne and Cap, his Wife.

Adm. *Allegre* I am glad he hath so much strength,
I prethee let me see him.

Wif. It will but

Enlarge a passion ——— my Lord hee'll come
Another time and tender you his service.

Adm. Nay then ———

Wif. Although I like it not, I must obey.

Exit.

Enter Allegre supported.

Adm. Welcome my injur'd servant, what a misery
Ha they made on thee?

Al. Though some change appeare
Vpon my body, whose severe affliction
Hath brought it thus to be sustained by others,
My hurt is still the same in faith to you,
Not broken with their rage.

Adm. Alas poore man!

Were

The Admirall of France.

Were all my joyes essentiall, and so mighty
As the affected world beleevs I taste,
This object were enough to unsweeten all,
Though in thy absence I had suffering,
And felt within me a strong sympathy,
While for my sake their cruelty did vex,
And fright thy nerves with horreur of thy sence,
Yet in this spectacle I apprehend
More griefe than all my imagination
Could let before into me; didst not curse me
Vpon the torture?

Al. Good my Lord, let not
The thought of what I suffer'd dwell upon
Your memory, they could not punish more
Then what my duty did oblige to beare
For you and Iustice, but theres something in
Your lookes, presents more feare than all the mallice
Of my tormentors could affect my soule with,
That palenesse, and the other formes you weare,
Would well become a guilty Admirall, and one
Lost to his hopes and honour, not the man
Vpon whose life the fury of unjustice
Arm'd with fierce lightning, and the power of thunder,
Can make no breach, I was not rack'd till now,
Theres more death in that falling eye, than all
Rage ever yet brought forth, what accident fir can blast,
Can be so blacke and fatall to distract
The calme? the triumph that should sit upon
Your noble brow, misfortune could have no
Time to conspire with fate, since you were rescued
By the great arme of providence, nor can
Those garlands that now grow about your forehead
With all the poyson of the world be blasted.

Adm. Allegre, thou dost beare thy wounds upon thee,
In wide and spacious characters, but in
The volume of my sadnesse thou dost want
An eye to reade an open force, hath torne
Thy manly sinewes which sometime may cure

The Admirall of France.

The engine is not scene that wounds thy Master,
Past all the remedy of art or time,
The flatteries of Court, of fame or honours,
Thus in the Sommer a tall flourishing tree,
Transplanted by strong hand, with all her leaues
And blooming pride upon her makes a shew
Of Spring, tempting the eye with wanton blossome,
But not the Sunne with all her amorous smiles,
The dewes of mornings, or the teares of night,
Can roote her fibers in the earth agen,
Or make her bosome kinde, to growth and bearing,
But the tree withers, and those very beames
That once were naturall warmth to her soft verdure
Dry up her sap and shoote a feaver through
The barke and rinde, till she becomes a burthen
To that which gave her life : so *Chabot, Chabot,*

Al. Wonder in apprehension, I must
Suspect your health indeede.

Adm. No no, thou shalt not
Be troubled, I but stirr'd thee with a morrall,
Thats empty contains nothing, I am well,
See I can walke poore man, thou hast not strength yet.

Al. What accident is ground of this distraction?

Enter Admirall.

Adm. Thou hast not heard yet whats become oth' Chancel-

Al. Not yet my Lord.

(lor?

Adm. Poore gentleman, when I thinke
Vpon the King, I've balme enough to cure
A thousand wounds, have I not *Allegre*?
Was ever bountious mercy read in story,
Like his upon my life, condemn'd for sacrifice
By Law, and snatch'd out of the flame unlooked for,
And unpetitioned : but his justice then
That woud not spare whom his owne love made great,
But give me up to the most cruell test
Of Iudges, for some boldnesse in defence
Of my owne merits, and my honest faith to him
Was rare, past example.

The Admirall of France.

Enter Father.

Fa. Sir, the King
Is comming hither.

Al. It will

Become my duty fir to leave you now.

Adm. Stay by all meanes *Allegre*, 'tsha'll concernē you,
I'me infinitely honor'd in his presence.

Enter King, Queene, Constable, and Wife.

King. Madam be comforted, Ile be his Philitian.

Wif. Pray heaven you may.

King. No ceremoniall knēes,

Give me thy heart, my deare, my honest *Chabot*,

And yet in vaine I chalenge that tis here

Already in my owne, and shall be cherish'd

With care of my best life, violence

Shall ravish it from my possession,

Not those distempers that infirme my blood:

And spirits shall betray it to a feare,

When time and nature joyne to dispossesse:

My body of a cold and languishing breath,

No stroake in all my arteries, but silence

In every faculty, yet dissect me then,

And in my heart, the world shall read thee living,

And by the vertue of thy name write there,

That part of me shall never putrifie,

When I am lost in all my other dust.

Adm. You too much honour your poore servant fir,

My heart dispares so rich a monument;

But when it dies——

King. I wonot heare a sound

Of any thing that trenched upon death,

He speakes the funerall of my crowne that prophesies

So unkinde a fate, wee'l live and die together,

And by that duty which hath taught you hitherto,

All loyall and just services I charge thee,

Preservē thy heart for me and thy reward,

Which now shall crowne thy merits.

Adm. I have found

The Admirall of France.

A glorious harvest in your favour sir,
And by this overflow of royall grace,
All my deserts are shadowes and flie from mee;
I have not in the wealth of my desires,
Enough to pay you now, yet you encourage me
To make one suite.

King. So soone as nam'd possesse it.

Adm. You would be pleas'd take notice of this Gentleman;
A Secretary of mine.

Con. Mounsieur *Allegre*,
He that was rack'd sir for your Admirall.

Adm. His limbs want strength to tender their full duty,
An honest man that suffers for my sake.

King. He shall be deare to us, for what has past sir
By the unjustice of our Chancellors power,
Wee study to recompence, ith' meane time that office
You exercis'd for *Chabot* we translate
To our selfe, you shall be our Secretary.

Al. This is
An honour above my weake desert, and shall
Oblige the service of my life to satisfie it.

Adm. You are gracious, and in this act have put
All our complaints to silence, you *Allegre*,
Enter Tresuror, Secretary.

Cherish your health, and feeble limbs which cannot
Without much prejudice be thus employ'd;
All my best wishes with thee.

Al. All my prayers
Are duties to your Lordship——

Exit.

King. Tis too little,
Can forfeit of his place, wealth, and a lasting
Imprisonment purge his offences to
Our honest Admirall, had our person beene
Exempted from his mallice, he did persecute
The life of *Chabot* with an equall wrath,
You should have powr'd death on his treacherous head,
I revoke all your sentences, and make
Him that was wrong'd full Master of his destiny,

The Admirall of France.

Be thou his judge.

Adm. O farre be such iniusticē,
I know his doome is heavie, and I begge
Where mercy may be let into his sentence
For my sake you would soften it, I have
Glory enough to be set right in yours,
And my deare countries thought, and by an act
With such apparent notice to the world.

King. Expresse it in some joy then.

Adm. I will strive
To shew that pious gratitude to you but

King. But what

Adm. My frame hath lately sir beene tane a peece,
And but now put together, the least force
Of mirth will shake and unjoynt all my reason,
Your patience royall sir.

King. He have no patience,
If thou forget the courage of a man.

Adm. My strength would flatter me.

King. Phisicians,
Now I begin to feare his apprehension,
Why how is *Chabats* spirit false?

Qu. I were best
He were convey'd to his bed.

Wif. How soone turn'd widdow.

Adm. Who would not wish to live to serve your goodnes;
Stand from me, you betray me with your feares,
The plummetts may fall off that hang upon
My heart, they were but thoughts at first, or if
They weigh me downe to death, let not my eyes
Close with another object then the King,
Let him be last I looke on.

King. I would not have him lost for my whole Kingdome.

Con. He may recover sir.

King. I see it fall,
For Iustice being the proppe of every Kingdome
And mine broke, violating him that was
The knot and contract of it all in him,
It already falling in my eare,

The Admirall of France.

Pompey could heare it thunder, when the Senate
And Capitoll were deafe, so heavens loud chiding;
He have another sentence for my Chancellor,
Vnlesse my *Chabot* live,

In a Prince
What a swift executioner is a frowne,
Especially of great and noble soules;
How is it with my *Philip*?

Adm. I must begge
One other boone.

King. Vpon condition
My *Chabot* will collect his scatter'd spirits;
And be himselfe agen, he shall divide
My Kingdome with me.

Fa. Sweete King.

Adm. I observe
A fierce and killing wrath engendred in you;
For my sake, as you wish me strength to serve you;
Forgive your Chancellor, let not the story
Of *Philip Chabot* read hereafter draw
A teare from any family, I beseech
Your royall mercy on his life, and free
Remission of all seafure upon his state,
I have no comfort else.

King. Endeavour
But thy owne health, and pronounce generall pardon
To all through *France*.

Adm. Sir I must kneele to thanke you,
It is not seal'd else, your blest hand live happy,
May all you trust have no lesse faith then *Chabot*,
Oh.

Wif. His heart is broken.

Fa. And kneeling sir,
As his ambition were in death to shew
The truth of his obedience.

Con. I feard this issue.

Tre. Hees past hope.

King. He has a victory ins death, this world

The Admirall of France.

Deserv'd him not, how soone he was translated
To glorious eternitie, tis too late
To fright the ayre with words, my teares embalne him;
Wif. What can become of me?

Qu. Ile be your husband Madam, and with care
Supply your childrens father, to your father
Ile be a sonne, in what our love or power
Can serve his friends, *Chabot* shall nere be wanting,
The greatest losse is mine, past scale or recompence,
We will proceede no further gainst the Chancellor,
To the charitie of our Admirall he owes
His life which ever banish'd to a prison,
Shall not beget in us, or in the subject
New feares of his injustice, for his fortunes
Great and acquir'd corruptly, tis our will
They make just restitution for all wrongs
That shall within a yeare be prov'd against him;
O *Chabot* that shall boast as many monuments
As there be hearts in *France*, which as they grow,
Shall with more love enshrine thee, Kings they say,
Die not, or starve succession, oh why
Should that stand firme, and Kings themselves despaire,
To finde their subject still in the next heire.

Exeunt.

F J N J S.













